

Oh the winter it has passed And the summer's come at last The small birds are singing in the trees And their little hearts are glad ah, but mine is very sad Since my true love is far away from me

Chorus: And straight I will repair To the Curragh of Kildare For it's there I'll finds tidings of my dear Oh the rose upon the briar And the clouds that float so high Bring joy to the linnet and the bee And their little hearts are blessed But mine can know no rest Since my true love is far away from me

All you who are in love Aye and cannot it remove I pity the pain that you endure For experience lets me know That your hearts are filled with woe It's a woe that no mortal can cure